

THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

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A Young Investor

can ill-afford to be without the book published by The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York—"A Banker's Will." It explains a curious provision in the will of the President of a National Bank in New York City, and gives the list of securities in which the largest accumulation of trust funds in the world is invested. The book is sent free to those who write.

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Order one gallon of Old Colonial Whiskey, 4 full quart bottles in box \$3.00

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Largest Stock of

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CHICHESTER ENGLISH PENNYROLL PILLS

Refuse all Substitutes

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Diagnoses what you eat.

DeWitt's Salve
For Piles, Burns, Sores.

SIN OF SELF MURDER

Suicide the Theme of the Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

The Eminent Divine Charges Atheism With the Responsibility For This Awful Crime—Christ Is the Remedy.

[Copyright, 1903, by Louis Klossch.]
CHICAGO, July 12.—In view of the startling increase in the crime of self-destruction, as shown by the latest statistics, the subject chosen by Dr. Talmage for his discourse today is a most timely one. His text is Job ii, 9, "Curse God and die."

Two incidents—desperate, fierce, definite, outrageous! The one urges the broken-hearted father, the financial bankrupt, the physically tormented man, to grapple with death, with flashing eyes and uplifted hand, hurl a futile malediction at the Almighty, to curse God with an eternal blasphemy. What a shocking, appalling suggestion! Enough to make all heaven stand aghast in horror and to render even the demon infested caverns of a hopeless inferno silent with fear and to turn the flushed cheeks of the young men of eternal white with terror. Curse God! Who could do that but a human being crazed and desperate and reckless under intolerable anguish?

The second incident puts in the hands of the sufferer the suicide's knife, the hangman's noose or the vital labeled with the two fatal words, "Deadly Poison." To how many in every age has that insidious temptation come? In the United States alone more than 30,000 persons have yielded to it during the past four years. In Chicago alone 1,294 persons passed out of life by the suicide's gate in three years—nine victims on a single Sabbath. In two months of the present year seventy-five lives have ended in self-immolation. How long will the human race listen to that hideous voice which bids Job seek in death escape from his misery? That tempter's voice is sounding louder and louder every day. Shall the crime of self-murder be allowed longer to spread the pernicious doctrine that with one stroke of the razor across the jugular vein or with one plunge in front of a flying locomotive or with one leap from high building or lofty pinnacle the world of the suicide can find rest, escape from God, release himself from all who are weary of life and peace for souls sick of the results of sin?

The increasing suicidal epidemic of the present generation should be halted in its onward march of destruction. I lift my voice today in warning against this evil. It cannot be stayed by embracing a mangled corpse or by calling a dead man a coward. I would pray, I would earnestly try to induce that man to live.

Then, in guarding you against the insidious voice, I might perhaps by the grace of God keep some from ever tottering and swaying on the verge of the precipice or tumbling into a suicide's grave. The gunpowder magazine can be exploded by a spark. We would deal this morning with primal causes rather than with resultant configurations.

First, I charge atheism with the chief responsibility for the crime. Self-murder is the hideous black visage of executioner of the merciless monster we call atheism, agnosticism, infidelity. It is the old, slimy serpent coiled up under the overshadowing branches of the gnarled and worm eaten tree of unbelief, at the foot of which sits the grim, bearded hag of misery crowning a dirge for a lullaby. It is the death rattle of a human being whose parched lips have been set to the ring of the chalice filled with the working, poisonous concoction of blasphemy and falsehood compounded by a Voltaire, a Rousseau, a Thomas Paine or a Robert G. Ingersoll. It is the whetstone, wet with human blood, upon which the moral sensibilities can be blunted and at the same time the suicide's knife sharpened, for it teaches immortal man that there is no hereafter and that he is responsible for his life's actions to no Divine Maker and King.

No suicidal razor was ever honed upon the leaves of the opened Bible. Though the morning newspapers all most every day are blackened with the awful obituary tragedies of men and women who have deliberately taken their lives by the bloody hand of self-murder, you cannot find among those who perished, in the full possession of reason, a single consecrated Christian church member. You cannot find one person among them all who realized that he was a beloved child of God and that he expected to go to meet a loving Heavenly Father unless the person killed himself during a fit of temporary insanity, as did Hugh Miller, the great Scotch scientist, who blew out his brains during mental derangement, or that eminent New York clergyman who, in delirium, leaped from a window. Why? The Bible distinctly and emphatically declares that no man has a right to commit self-murder. It warns men that they must answer for this terrible crime before the judgment seat of Christ, and it holds out to them no hope of pardon during all eternity.

The whole tendency of the gospel of Jesus Christ is opposed to this suicidal epidemic; the whole tendency of unbelief is to promote and increase it. To the atheist life is a single span, one abatement of which is the cradle and the other the grave, at which he meets annihilation. To such a man there is no better principle of life than to eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow he dies. He would make life a comedy for a day and a night.

There is a hell in it to be found this side and not the other side of the grave. When things go wrong the best way to escape suffering is to snap the silver cord of human life and allow the beating heart. The Christian disbeliever says: "Sanctified troubles are a spiritual means by the grace of God for raising an immortal soul on and up. Unsanctified troubles are the inevitable means of dragging a sinful, defiant soul on and forever down. He that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let him be holy still." Such are the two ex-

trêmes, the tenets of the believers in total annihilation at the brink of the grave and those of the earnest disciple of Jesus Christ. Do you wonder that I charge the hideous monster of atheism, agnosticism and infidelity with being the chief causes of this accursed suicidal epidemic? Do you wonder that I look to the gospel of Jesus Christ to stay the hand of self-immolation? Will you not, by breaking on the gospel armor, prepare to wage incessant war against the insidious demons who blight the lives of your fellow men by robbing them of peace, joy and faith and leaving them so despoiled and blighted that they prefer death to life?

False standards for happiness can be catalogued among the frequent, prolific causes of the suicidal sin. They are the deceiving mirages which tempt the weary life's traveler to lose himself in the midst of a Sahara of sand. They are the deceitful stars, twinkling their benedictions over shores of silver and gold and of fame, which suddenly go out and leave the devotees worshipping in total darkness. They are the musical voices of the strains singing their sweetest songs when luring their victims on to fatal shipwreck.

In the false standards of happiness can be found the origin of the disappointments which so often end in suicide. Men do not first seek wealth or fame to possess those treasures, as they desire might have in his hand. They desire the radiant prize of the palace and the king's throne because they foolishly think that happiness is a joy manifold who lives to rob herself in silks and to leave her throat and fingers a-glitter with precious jewels, and therefore they can be more readily found in the rich man's mansion than in the poor man's hut. If they cannot have wealth or fame or worldly honor is about to be taken away from them, then they feel they cannot escape happiness, then, with one plunge of the philosopher's razor, they fling away their blighted lives, as did the late "cotton king" of Louisiana, who lost his fortune in Wall Street, or as did the late Sir Hector MacDonald of the British army, who killed himself to avoid facing the publicity of a court martial.

Now, my friends, the human being who commits suicide merely because the golden leavened orle of wealth has plumed her wings and disappeared from sight or because the comet of fame has shattered the bid of fame is doing a fool's business. Happiness, true happiness, the happiness for which we all long and for which some of us are seeking, is not dependent upon outside surroundings, but upon the condition of the heart. Some of the most unhappy human beings have been the so-called worldly successful men. Did all the unlimited financial wealth of Nathan Rothschild make him happy? For many years he was the universally recognized financial king of Europe. In a single day he made over \$10,000,000. At the battle of Waterloo he was an anxious spectator. As soon as that battle was decided he put spurs to his horse and—like the wind toward London—home came to his own country. He had a new, Paris, ordered to him and a special boat came to take him across the channel. The next morning, he appeared upon the London Exchange and circulated the report that Wellington was defeated. Securities tumbled. His brokers bought them up by the millions of dollars worth. The following day dispatches from Wellington announced that Napoleon's army was annihilated. Securities at once jumped upward. Nathan Rothschild pocketed his millions of profit. But, though Nathan Rothschild was the wealthiest financier in all Europe, he was one of the most unhappy men. When a friend visited him one day and said, "You ought to be a happy man with all this wealth," Nathan turned and, with a look of severe, answered, "Happy? Happy? I happy? Bosh! Let us change the subject."

If wealth does not in itself produce happiness neither does worldly fame or honor. Men strive for place and power as if with them they were sure of happiness. They plot and conspire and murder that they may mount the steps of a throne, and when they succeed they find that they have gained nothing but anxiety and worry.

Moral applications: Do not try to build the temple of happiness out of yellow bricks. There is no reward beyond the rainbow which leads to the throne room of joy is always found in the lowly and unassuming life. The ground mole may tunnel his way into a gold mine, but he still remains a ground mole. The fat, flying about in the darkness, may be able to push his claws into trembling men's pockets, but he is still nothing but a hateful bat.

Easy and covetousness also lead to suicide. The unwillingness to love our neighbors as ourselves is one of the indirect causes of this dreadful sin. Two ways of looking at this old world—the one is through the green glasses of envy, the result unhappiness; the other way is through the sanctified crystals of a tender, a holy love, the result gospel joy. The one way is to bitterly condemn because some people are supposed to be better off than we are. The other way is to try to find out how many people are worse off than we are, and then with a Christian desire try to help them as we would like to be helped if we were in their place. Through what kind of losses have you been scrutinizing the human race? Through the green glasses of envy, which make all the world look dark, or through the clear, transparent crystals of gospel love, which always make all the world look bright? No happy man ever wanted to commit suicide. No man can be truly unhappy who is trying to help his fellow man. When he finds that he is making others happy, their joys become part of his joys.

The suicidal knife is blunted upon the whetstone of kindness and love and self-sacrifice for another reason: When a Christian earnestly concentrates his life to helping his fellow men he is amazed how many troubles are piled at his neighbor's door and, instead of repining at his lot, thanks God for the mercies he enjoys. He becomes more contented to carry his own burdens because as his brother's sorrows grow larger and larger in his eyes his own necessarily by comparison shrink and dwindle and become less and less.

No power on earth can make a human being more contented than that which comes from being brought into sympathetic touch with other people's trials, for all people have them. The white, fleecy clouds off in the distance, circling about the mountain top, may look like sea gulls sporting with the crest of a wave. On nearer approach they are only fog and drizzling mist. The ships far out at sea have speckled sails and trimmest hulls. But upon nearer approach we see that their canvas is befouled and their hulls scorched by the blows of many tempests. Clear crystals of a tender love will not only make us try to help our fellow men and desire to live as long as we can for that purpose, but they will also teach us to be more and more contented with our own lives. Brother, better change the lenses in your spectacles. Better be a sunbeam playing in the day than a sinking and solitary and alone, croaking during the night.

A coward's heart is a direct cause for the suicidal sin. "Oh, no," says some one, "that cannot be. A suicide may be this or that or the other, but he is not a coward. No man is a coward who dares to commit self-murder. No man is a coward who will calmly look death in the face and defy the grinning skeleton of the tomb."

Al, my friends, you are wrong. The direct cause of the suicidal sin is invariably the result of a coward's heart. It is the act of a man who runs away from trouble instead of courageously grappling with it. The bravest of deeds is to do it if necessary to save ourselves. But it would not be heroic for a man to die merely because they are too cowardly to fight. Neither is it heroic or brave for any man to commit suicide merely because he is too cowardly to meet the responsibilities of life as they arise. The noblest work in some respects in all the English language is "duty." That word will sometimes compel its followers to plunge into and endure the fiercest of dangers for a thing they believe to be right. It will sometimes give the pharisee command of following that stern word through an unwelcome pathway.

Not, my friends, as the suicidal sin is often caused by a coward's heart, how can we best become brave and true? How can we better fight our tendency to self-murder than by boldly and conscientiously and deliberately meeting the most pressing duty which is nearest at hand? How can we dare to be cowards better than by fully accepting our human obligations which we owe to our God and our fellow men? We have all read of the Roman centurion who during an earthquake of Mount Vesuvius was ready to die at his post when the officer of the guard did not believe him and allowed him to fly for his life. Should we not be equally ready to be brave and true to that great commander who shall yet ride the white horse of the glory and in the great millennium of the world to place us in our duty, to live his life in the world to serve him by serving our fellow men. Shall we secretly desert our post? Shall we declare that the task assigned us is too hard for us? Rather let us look to him for the stimulus strength that he gives to his faithful servants that we may endure as seeing him who is invisible. So let us stand undaunted beneath his standard until his summons comes to us and we go with the shout, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

The bravest act in all the world for some men is to publicly confess Christ. While we are preaching today on the suicidal sin are you ready to be as brave as William Cowper once was? In a time of great mental depression he was on his way to the river Thames to take his own life. When he arrived near the fatal waters he saw a man fishing at the end of the dock from which he intended to throw himself into the stream. He turned back. Then he went home and tried to stab himself to death, but the knife snapped in two. Then he tried to hang himself, but the rope broke. Then William Cowper realized what he was doing and how cowardly he was. He confessed his error before the world and gave himself up, as never before, to sound forth the divine praise. Oh, my friends, will you not realize that one of the chief reasons of the cowardly tendency to suicide is the unwillingness to publicly confess and work and live for Christ? As all men were once supposed to lead to Rome, every act and deed and thought of your life should lead you to the foot of the cross. Then, oh, then, if you are true to Christ, you will never be false to yourself! Then, oh, then, your life, instead of having a suicidal tendency, will be an eternal life of triumphant joy!

Quick relief for Asthma Sufferers.
Foley's Honey and Tar affords immediate relief to asthma sufferers in the worst stages and if taken in time will effect a cure. Sold by H. C. Crute.

The Union label is a guarantee that the "J. M." cigar is a superior cigar in every respect. Try one, Chas. Saleeby.

There is more pride in having the other fellow wrong than in being right yourself.

Many persons in this community are suffering from kidney complaint who could avoid fatal results by using Foley's Kidney Cure. Sold by H. C. Crute.

It's funny how when the office seeks the man it has to climb up on its own shoulders to find him.

Just 50 pairs ladies' slippers made by Ziegler Bros., to be sold at manufacturer's cost at Fleming & Clark's. Sizes 21 to 4.

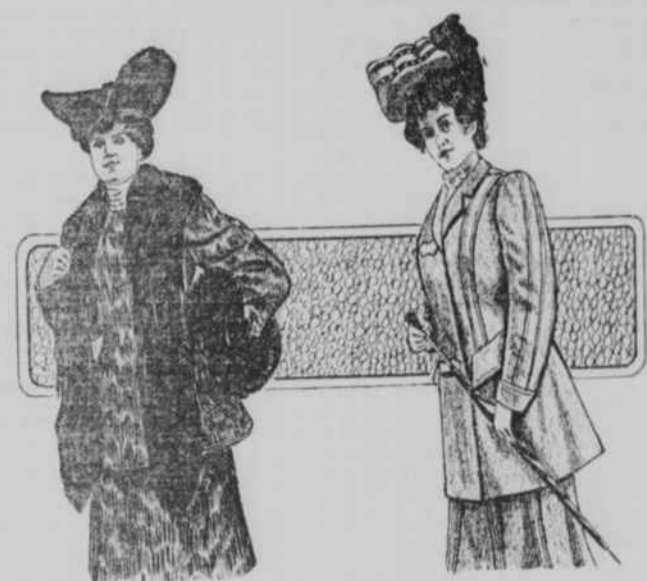
Eight Days On His Back
and cured with two applications of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It will cure you. Sold by White & Co. and Winston Drug Co.

Stomach hats at cost at Fleming & Clark's. Only a few left.

A man never knows what he can do until he tries—and if he tries the chances are he will regret it later.

"Now good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both."
It doesn't, try Burdock Blood Bitters.

Tailor-Made Gowns Are To Be Mannish.



THE approaching season promises to have as one of its marked features the mannish gown. Not only is the cut to severe and tailored rather than dressmaker, but the fabrics themselves are to be very like those worn by men. Checks, printed-yarn effects, heavy-looking material splashed with a color contrasting with the foundation tone, all these are borrowed from the garb affected by the sterner sex. And the straight lines that will be in vogue in preference to the curving ones of past years will add emphasis to the general air of mannishness.

The fall costumes will look business-like, utilitarian, and perhaps suggest to inventors of the short gown, even simplicity, that they really are simple and inexpensive. Not necessarily so. Authorities declare the present year is to be a silk year, that all gowns are to be provided with a drop-skirt of silk, that everyone must have waists of silk, petticoats of silk, linings of silk. And the one item of lining will therefore add very considerably to the expense of these neat, simple-looking gowns. But to offset the luxury of the free use of silk, we are to have this winter the economy of the short gown, even the ultra-short gown; those of the best style will be of the same length all around, merely touching the floor.

In making an old shirt shorter, to get the close fit about the hips and sufficient fullness at the bottom is not an easy matter? As a rule it is advisable to rip up the shirt entirely, and cut it over from a new pattern.

In the autumn, rich autumnal shades always are in vogue, but this year the warm tones, the blues, reds, are to be especially prominent. In themselves they are brilliant shades, but often are very trying when worn next the face and should not be chosen unless of delicate tints.

For the bereaved family.
Fall hats
Monday, September 14th, at 8:30 a.m.
Winston Drug Co.

One seems to know definitely what we may expect. For some time past there has been a movement toward pushing the fullest of the arm, and many of the summer frocks have shown considerable fullness at the shoulder and suggestions of the oldtime gilet shape.

The yoke is seen, too, upon some of the smartest of the new waist and separate blouses; but here it does not, as a rule, take the extreme pelerine form and is more like the oldtime shirt waist yoke, only with some device to lengthen the shoulder line slightly.

Black and white continues with us, and the combination is used with very good effect in the turbans that promise to be a noticeable part of fall millinery. These turbans are round, of medium height, and very simply trimmed, consisting well with the tailor costumes described above. Made of white felt splashed with black velvet, or of black and white chenille, they are suitable either for morning or afternoon wear. For evening, they are a little severe. Plumes and quills, used so much during the summer, remain in fashion, the white plume on the black hat is still in good style, and a single black quill on either a light or dark hat. The pompadour is not so stiff-looking, more becoming, than the quill common during the summer.

An all-white toque of soft straw has a touch of white crepe de Chine, and has the top almost covered with doves' wings.

A striking model is in green and blue satin straw, the braids fitted in such a manner that each scallop seems to be topped with a point of bright blue. The only decorations are two bright blue quills thrust through the straw near the front.

Persons suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia or other stomach troubles will find that Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and makes the stomach strong. This remedy is a never failing cure for indigestion and dyspepsia and all complaints affecting the glands or membranes of the stomach or digestive tract. When you take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure everything you eat tastes good, and every bit of the nutriment that your food contains is assimilated and appropriated by the blood and tissues. Sold by The Winston Drug Co.

The Pleasure of Eating.
Persons suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia or other stomach troubles will find that Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and makes the stomach strong. This remedy is a never failing cure for indigestion and dyspepsia and all complaints affecting the glands or membranes of the stomach or digestive tract. When you take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure everything you eat tastes good, and every bit of the nutriment that your food contains is assimilated and appropriated by the blood and tissues. Sold by The Winston Drug Co.

A Purgative Pleasure.
If you ever took DeWitt's Little Early Risers for biliousness or constipation you know what a purgative pleasure is. These famous little pills cleanse the liver and rid the system of all bile without producing unpleasant effects. They do not grip, sicken or weaken, but give tone and strength to the tissues and organs involved. W. H. Howell, of Houston, Tex., says: "No other pill can be used than Little Early Risers for constipation, sick headache, etc." Sold by The Winston Drug Co.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No pay. Price, 25 cents.

Have just fitted up a neat dining apartment in the rear of my store. Meals furnished at all hours at reasonable prices. Armour's steaks and other products a specialty. Give us a trial. J. ASHBY ARMISTEAD.

The Best Prescription for Malaria
Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. Price, 50c.

It's a lucky coin that doesn't turn tail when you call heads.

Tragedy Averted.

"Just in the nick of time our little boy was saved" writes Mrs. W. Watkins, of Pleasant City, Ohio. "Pneumonia had played sad havoc with him and a terrible cough set in besides. Doctors treated him, but he grew worse every day. At length we tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and our darling was saved. He's now sound, and well. Everybody ought to know it's the only sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Lung diseases. Guaranteed by White & Co. Druggists. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

The rolling stone sees its finish when it strikes the upgrade.

More Riots.

Disturbances of strikers are not nearly as grave as an individual disorder of the system. Overwork, loss of sleep, nervous tension will be followed by either collapse, unless a reliable remedy is immediately employed. There's nothing so efficient to cure disorders of the Liver or Kidneys as Electric Bitters. It's a wonderful tonic, and effective nerve and blood purifier. It dispels Nervousness, Rheumatism and Neuralgia and expels Malaria germs. Only 50c, and satisfaction guaranteed by White & Co., Druggists.

Special Low Rate Excursions to Atlantic City, N. J., via the Popular York River Route, \$8.00 Round Trip.

On Thursday and Friday of each week, until September 12th, the Southern Railway will sell special round trip tickets to Atlantic City, N. J., and return at \$8.00. These tickets limited return to reach Richmond not later than Wednesday following date of sale. In addition to these low rate tickets the Southern Railway will sell Summer Tourist Tickets Richmond to Atlantic City, at \$11 round trip, good returning until October 31st, on sale daily until September 30th. Via York River line to Baltimore, and Pennsylvania R. R. or R. O. route Baltimore to Atlantic City.

It's more blessed to give a knockout blow than it is to receive one.

Foley's Kidney Cure

Will cure Bright's Disease.
Will cure Diabetes.
Will cure Stone in Bladder.
Will cure Dropsy and Bladder Diseases. Sold by H. C. Crute.

Many a smart man loses out when he bumps up against an ordinary Amulet.

Dixie Net July 1, 1903, over \$500,000.

Increase in six months.
Acute Rheumatism, strains, sprains and all other rheumatic troubles, treated by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Sold by White & Co. and Winston Drug Co.

The average love match soon flickers out unless there is some money to burn.

By taking a thorough course of Laxative you rid your system of the poisons that cause rheumatism. A permanent cure is the result. It's the standard rheumatic remedy, laxative and tonic. At Druggists.

Go-Carts are "all the go" for going babies. Do you can please you in price and style.

Stop That Cough
Before it stops you. Dr. David's Cough Syrup is the best. Large bottles 25 cents at White & Co. and Winston Drug Co.

A chronic liar is less dangerous than the liar who has spasmodic attacks of veracity.

You know What You Are Taking
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Wall Paper in greatest variety, both in prices and styles of print, at Doyle's.

A 15-cent clock has one advantage over a \$1,000,000 corporation; its hands never strike.

CANCER CURED BY BLOOD BALM.

All Skin and Blood Diseases also Cured.

Mrs. M. L. Adams, Fredonia, Ala., writes: "I have been cured of cancer of the nose and face. The sores healed up perfectly. Many doctors had given up my case as hopeless. Hundreds of cases of cancer, eating sores, suppurating swellings, have been cured by Blood Balm. Among others, Mrs. B. M. Guernsey, Warrior Stand, Ala. Her nose and lip were raw with sores, with offensive discharge from the eating sores. Doctors advised cutting, but it failed. Blood Balm healed the sores, and Mrs. Guernsey is as well as ever. Botanic Blood Balm also cures eczema, itching humors, scabs and scales, bone pains, ulcers, offensive pimples, blood poison, carbuncles, scrofula, rising and bumps on the skin and all blood troubles. Improves the digestion, strengthens weak kidneys. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle, with complete directions for home cure. Sample free and prepaid by writing to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and special medical advice sent in sealed letter."

If old companies could begin at the bottom and drill up the prospectus gusher would lose his job.

The Genuine vs. Counterfeits.

The genuine is always better a counterfeiter, but the truth of this statement is never more forcibly realized or more thoroughly appreciated than when you compare the genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve with the many counterfeits and worthless substitutes that are on the market. W. S. L. Dettler, of Shreveport, La., says: "After using numerous other remedies without benefit, one box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me. For blind, bleeding, itching and protracting piles no remedy is equal to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by The Winston Drug Co.

Good is the staff of life. If you want to bread use "Obelisk" Flour.